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Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, JANUARY 19, 1940. | 77th Year.

WHAT ARE THE STARS?

How the Ancients First Discovered Secrets of the Stars

By Sir Frank Dyson, F.R.S.

Late Astronomer-Royal

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER *has pleasure in presenting the first of a series of six articles in which one of the most distinguished astronomers of the day discloses the truth about the stars, as science sees the truth of this most fascinating subject.*

IN these six articles, some idea will be given of what the stars have disclosed to us.

In quite early times people watched the movement of the stars. Before the invention of the telescope it was found that the earth spun round its axis in a day, and revolved round the sun in a year.

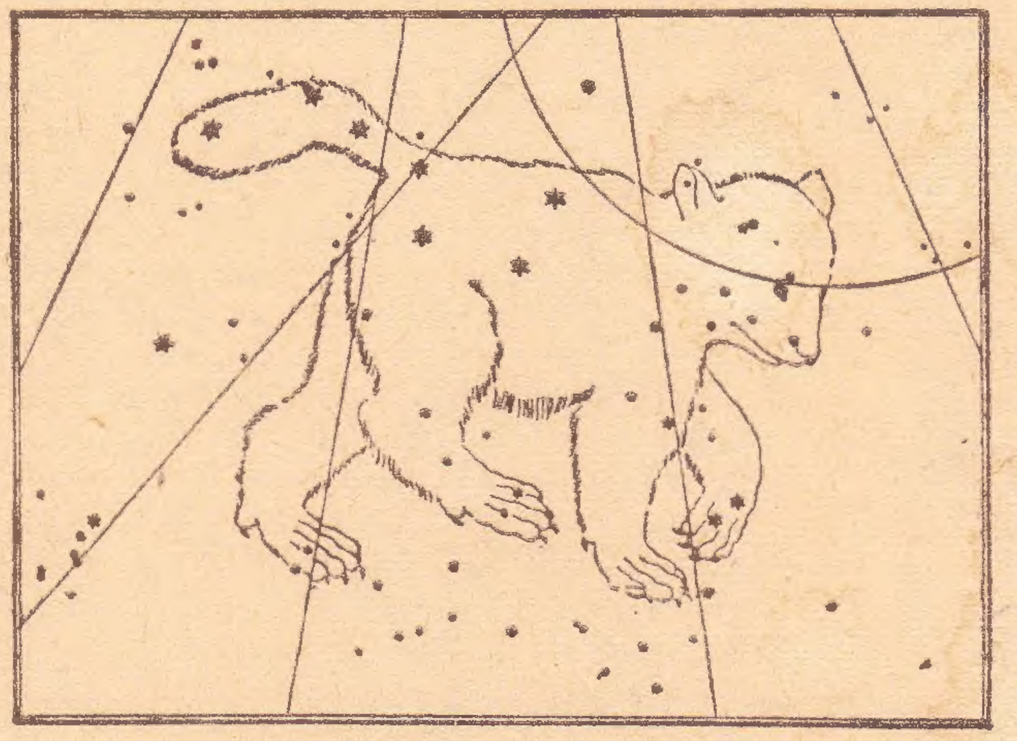
After the telescope had been made, progress was rapid, and with the large telescopes of the present day aided by photography and the spectroscope, we know a great deal about the distances, sizes, temperatures and chemical composition of the heavenly bodies.

From the earliest times it was known that the sun, moon, and stars rose in the East, and after describing a great arc in the sky, set in the West. But a certain number of the stars did not rise and set, but described complete circles round a fixed point in the sky. In this way, the directions north, east, south and west were discovered, and the stars formed a guide to travellers.

FEASTS AND SEASONS

ANOTHER equally important use was made of the heavenly bodies in the measurement of time. Day and night succeeded one another regularly though they gradually varied in length. But the moon changed very rapidly. Beginning as a small crescent, it gradually worked up to full, then similarly diminished till it disappeared for a short time, and reappeared again as a fine crescent.

As soon as Man learned to count, he found that these changes took place in 29 or 30 days. So the month came to be used "for times and seasons." As far back as 2500 B.C., the month was used as a measure of time by the Babylonians, from whom it was copied by Hebrews, Greeks and Romans. The religious festivals of the Jews were inaugurated by "blowing the trumpet in the New Moon," and to the present day Christians determine the date of the festival of Easter, and Mohammedans the fast of Ramadan, by the moon.



"THE GREAT BEAR"—From Bayer's Atlas.

MARKING SEED-TIME

BUT summer and winter depend on the sun. In the northern hemisphere the sun is high up in the sky at mid-day in the summer and low down in the winter. It became important, as soon as agriculture was practised, to know when the seed should be sown. In Egypt every year the Nile overflows its banks, and fertilizes the corn if it has been sown in time. Here the stars come in.

The Egyptian priests, who were the astronomers, knew that different stars were seen in summer and winter, and so they used the stars to determine the length of the year.

The stars are, of course, in the sky day and night, and it is only the sunlight scattered by the atmosphere which prevents our seeing them in the daytime, though with a telescope, the brighter stars are seen then. But just at daybreak the brightest stars can be seen in clear atmospheres. The Egyptians found that when the star Sirius—the brightest in the sky—rose at the same time as the sun, the rise of the Nile would shortly follow. In this way they found that the year consisted of 365 days and later corrected this to 365¼ days.

The year contains between 12 and 13 months, and the Babylonians, Jews, Greeks and Romans who reckoned by the moon, had to put in an additional month, now and then, to supplement the twelve into which they divided the year. This caused endless confusion until it was rectified by Julius Caesar in 45 B.C., who altered the lengths of the months so as to give a year of 365 days and 366 in leap years.

RISE OF ASTROLOGY

LIKE the Egyptians, the Babylonian Astronomers were the priests, and they kept careful records of all celestial phenomena. The most striking of these are eclipses of the sun and moon. They discovered that, after 223 months, or 18 years and 11 days, eclipses recurred. This cycle was known as the Saros.

It is said that Thales, a Greek astronomer, predicted an eclipse which occurred in 584 B.C., during a battle between the Ionians and Milesians. If this is true, he must have used the

(Please turn to Page 12.)

THE FINDING OF LOST MINE

HEA.

BY Anna C. Chamberlain

(Written for the Messenger.)

READERS HAVE MET

PETE, eldest son of a soldier's family, who find it hard to make a living on their grandfather's farm "with father at the front and the money from the Government slow in coming."

ROLLIE, aged 12, the younger brother; **MOTHER** and **SISTERS** and **UNCLE JED**, who tells how their grandfather's mine was lost in a cave-in.

RICHARD JOHNSON, miner. He claims to be a brother of old **NICK JOHNSON**, whose savings, together with the boys' grandfather's fortune are buried in Lost Mine.

LAWYER FULLER whom Rollie and Uncle Jed consult when the boys discover the buried treasure. While Rollie and his uncle are away, the miners capture Pete and leave him tied and gagged in the old mine. Jack, the dog, helps Rollie to rescue his brother.

ROLLIE tells the story.

"CAN you walk, Pete?" I asked, resting his arm across my shoulder, and giving mother the pistol.

"Got to," he answered shortly, but his feet were a good deal wobbly with being tied so long, and it took us quite a while to go just the length of the entry.

As we came out into the open air we heard a wild yelling down at our east line gate.

"They are coming back," said mother right away, and without another word she blew out the lantern and put her shoulder under Pete's other arm.

"The back way, Rollie," she whispered, "around the hill and up through the grove on the other side of the house." I saw in a minute what a good plan it was to go the unaccustomed way and show no light by which they could follow.

The starlight on the snow showed us our footing pretty well and without much stumbling we made fairly good time in scrambling over the ground, poor Pete paddling himself along the best he could with his one good foot.

For once Jack had sense enough to keep still, so there wasn't a sign to divert the rough crowd back of us from their direct path, which was straight toward the entrance of Lost Mine.

We could hear their voices until the sound was smothered in the dark hillside as we came up by the south side of our house and tapped at the door for Uncle Jed to let us in.

There were no rheumatic delays this time. The door flew open almost as soon as we touched it, and in less time than it takes to tell it, Uncle Jed had Pete in beside the fire while mother and I drew the shades close.

"Better show no light," advised Uncle Jed, almost as if he knew what had happened, and I groped in the firelight to find meat and bread to satisfy Pete's ravenous appetite while mother wrapped his aching foot with comforting liniment.

As soon as we had recovered the breath lost in our scrambles, we told Pete of the safe disposal of the treasure and for the arrangement for its division among the rightful heirs. Then Pete told of his race across the farm when the invaders had discovered his presence back in the wood lot.

"I would have won out," he said, speaking in the low tone we were all using for fear of prowlers without, "but in crossing one of the old cave-ins the ground gave way under my feet. I staggered sideways to keep from falling and gave my ankle a twist. Before I could gather myself together for a fresh start, they were on me like a pack of wolves. The one who claimed to be Nick Johnson's brother wasn't with the crowd," continued Pete, "and that seemed to bother the rest a lot. They said they were going to teach me to rob hard-working miners of the savings of a lifetime. They mentioned several other things they were to teach me beside; but they did not seem to know how to go about it. So they finally decided to leave me in Lost Mine—the scene of my crime,—bound and gagged so I could not call for help, while they went to find the chief sufferer."

"That fellow followed us to town today," interrupted Uncle Jed," and tried to snatch the treasure while we were off guard. But I got the best of him there," he added, chuckling gently to himself, "so, failing that, I suppose he has got some lawyer to file a claim for him as legal owner of the find."

"That was why they were so long in coming," returned Pete, "at first I dreaded it, hoping for rescue, though who would bring it I had no idea. Finally I got so tired and smothered I began to wish they would hurry, thinking a change of any kind would be welcome. When it began to seem as if I had been there two or three months I felt something around and nosing me over. For a minute I was frightened, thinking of wild animals; but when the creature tried to get at my hands, I knew it was Jack, wanting to lick them. He fussed around for a while and finally lay down beside me, which was comforting, though I did not see how he could help me in any way. When at last he gave up and went away, I felt as if my last friend had deserted me."

Pete's voice almost broke as he said this, and Jack got up from before the fire and went over to lick his young master's hand as if in apology for his seeming unkindness.

"That was when he came to us for help, I suppose," suggested mother, and just then Uncle Jed held up his hand warningly.

Whatever sounds we may have missed in our interest in Pete's story there was no mistaking what we heard now. There was a rush of trampling feet on the driveway without, followed by a chorus of derisive yells.

I sprang for the gun and Jack growled savagely; but Uncle Jed, looking to see that the shades were drawn close, made no move.

"Housebreaking is a pretty serious crime," he said under his breath. "It's one thing to torment a helpless boy on the chance of a ten dollar fine, and quite another to risk ten years in the penitentiary for burglary. As long as we stay quiet and keep the doors fast, I believe we will be perfectly safe."

* * *

IT took nerve and patience but it seemed the best thing to do, and we all sat as quiet as mice, until I began to hear a queer new sound. It seemed to be quite near me. No one in the room had stirred, yet I could hear a stealthy movement close at hand. Suddenly I remembered the weak fastening of the outside cellar door, and it came to me that some of the intruders were making their way into the house that way, hoping to surprise us by means of an unlocked inner door.

There was no danger of that, I thought, with a thankful recollection of the heavy bars at the top of the cellar stairs; and then I began to remember the barrels of partly made vinegar and began to feel afraid.

Some of it was not past the hard cider stage and if those fellows should add a little "Dutch courage" to their already reckless mood they would hardly stop to consider the penalty of anything they might do.

Muttering something about taking a look out of the back window, I slipped

out into the kitchen and stood a minute by the cellar door, considering.

To judge from the sounds below, there were but two or three of them down there, feeling their way about in the strange surroundings of the first room. The stairway from the kitchen led down into the second room, and the cider and the vinegar were in the third room.

If I could slip down the stairway and lock the door into the back part, I might avert the worst danger; I might, —the thought of something I had read about the make-up of a ghost came into my mind,—I might chance their having heard of the ghost which was said to haunt our hills, and try to scare them out altogether.

It was just a chance and there would be some risk about it, but I decided to try it.

Groping in the clothes hamper for some suitable drapery, I drew out something large and white which I wrapped around my head and shoulders. Then I took a handful of matches, dipped their heads in water, and proceeded to smear the wet phosphorus over my face and to streak my draperies.

So far as I could tell from my hands and the glow on the cloth, the result was just what I had tried for. I noiselessly drew the two bolts of the upper cellar door, and crept quietly down the stairs.

It was dark in the room below; but I could see a faint glimmer from the first cellar, either from a match or a flickering candle; I couldn't tell which, and I made my way slowly toward it.

I tried to give my draperies a ghostly rustle but made no other sound until I was just at the door of the big dismal front cellar, when I let out a deep groan.

Well, you should have heard the two fellows, who were feeling their way around in there by matchlight, fall over each other in making their way to the door in the darkness, for their matches went out in no time.

I suppose my phosphorescent rays must have shone out in good shape after that; for the darkness did not seem to lessen their fears any, and they fairly fought each other in trying to get out at the door, which they had lost in the dark.

* * *

AT last they were out and up the steps and—well, I need not have locked and barricaded the inner door as carefully as I did, for the escaping intruders slammed to the winglike doors at the top of the outside steps and piled logs on top to keep my ghostship from coming out after them. Of course by this time the scrambling below had roused the folks in the dining room so that when I made my way back I found them all on the lookout.

"I LOOMED UP FROM THE DARKNESS OF THE CELLAR".

I probably looked fearful. I have made up other fellows for ghosts since and have an idea how I must have loomed up to the folks as I came out of the darkness of the cellar way into the lighted kitchen. Jack gave a terrified howl and made for the other room with his tail between his legs.

"For pity's sake!" yelled Pete and Uncle Jed, half scared and half mad at me for scaring them; but mother made a grab at my drapery.

"My second-best table cloth!" she groaned reproachfully. "Rollie what have you been up to?"

"You did a reckless thing," was Uncle Jed's comment when I told of scaring them out of the cellar; but mother, in spite of the second-best table cloth, gave me a little pat of approval, and Pete, with his lame foot back on the footstool, muttered, "Wish I'd been there."

By this time the yells outside had given way to a hoarse murmur. Evidently the story of the ghost was being told, and, whether believed or not, had cast a damper on the excitement of the crowd, though they were not yet ready to give up hostilities.

But, defying a dark and silent house on a bitter cold night could not have been very interesting. Some of the hottest young blood had been chilled by the tale of the ghost and by slow degrees the hoarse murmur died away into silence.

Jack, who had growled and protested in his doggish way at the unseemly doings without, grew quiet at last and lay down to sleep in front of Pete's chair.

"I believe they're gone," muttered Uncle Jed, waking up from a cat nap, but I was too drowsy and comfortable on the rug in front of the fire to answer, while Mother and Pete, sound asleep in their rockers, did not even hear him.

After that we all dropped off and did not hear a sound until daylight, when I awoke, stiff and shivery, to find the fire nearly out, and roused the rest by poking it up and putting on fresh fuel.

"What did I tell you?" triumphed Uncle Jed, as he pulled up the shades to show the premises quiet and de-

(Please Turn to Page 5.)

A Serial Story

by

Arthur T. Rich

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—o—

READERS HAVE MET

DONALD FAIRBAIRN, handsome young Canadian, inheritor of a Poor Man's Fortune from his father, JOHN FAIRBAIRN, whose dying wish is that Donald return to Glasgow, Scotland and make good where his father failed.

ROBERT FAIRBAIRN, Donald's uncle, respected, wealthy Glasgow ship-builder, who is not at all anxious to help his young nephew.

JEAN FAIRBAIRN, Robert's step-daughter. She invites Donald to lunch and tells him of a scheme of hers which may change his whole life.

ARNOLD M'NAIR, tall, handsome, earnest young minister, whose aid Jean's father enlists in winning her back to the church, secretly hoping to make a match between them. Jean asks Arnold to visit her "shelter" for the unemployed, of which Donald is warden.

JOCK CAMPBELL, fiery young Communist has been giving Donald some trouble. Then Donald rescues him from gangsters and saves him from going to jail.

DONALD came out of the Glasgow courthouse with his mind full of questions. Was there no cure for all the crime, misery and folly to which he had been introduced that morning? Why were the church people and the clergy able to do so little really to help?

Ping Pong Clubs—prayer meetings—resolutions by Presbyteries to the Prime Minister — public condemnation of drink, sabbath-breaking, betting, all that kind of thing—shouting aloud from the housetops—these modern Sons of Thunder who cannot even raise a respectable thunder—they're like kids blowing on penny trumpets. He asked himself the question, "Now what would be my attitude if I were in the place of some of these folk, reading day after day that the church has protested against this, against that, against the other thing, but was itself making no practical attempt in its own neighbourhood to mitigate the ills it condemned?"

This raised other questions. "Did the church really desire to win the masses? Or was it content to become the drawing-room of the world's family house where only the respectable might assemble?" Donald, in his youthful zeal to reach the solution of the problem for himself, began to write down in a notebook the thoughts that suggested themselves.

After a week there were all kinds of crude sentences expressing the mind of a young man who for the first time in his life had come face to face with the economic problems of modern civilisation. A few selected at random illustrate his immature point of view:—

"Why do ministers send petitions to the Prime Minister instead of petitioning the Throne of Grace and taking out their people in a body to the canker spots of his city to help the people they so lightly condemn?"

"Why does official Christianity pass resolutions instead of resolving to get among the lost sheep without delay—why isn't there a mission attached to every wealthy church in this city?"

"Why does the church condemn football pools when many of its leaders—Robert Fairbairn, for example—gamble on the Stock Exchange?"

"If preaching the gospel is the solution of the problem, why do a thousand sermons preached every Sunday in Glasgow make so little difference to the life of the City?"

"If preaching the gospel is not the solution what is?" Was Arnold M'Nair ordained to preach Christ or to run a Ping-Pong Club?"

Obviously all these jottings were the outpouring on paper of the fruits of an immature mind; but they were real problems to Donald sitting alone in his lonely room at nights.

Alas! the problems were not eased by the fact that he had fallen in love with Jean—the pretty agnostic, whose downright declarations on the matters that occupied him had first set him facing the problem of the world's woe.

After thought—action.

Donald had discovered the fruitlessness of much brooding in secret. Everywhere he saw men and women going out to the world's work with fundamental problems unsolved. Jean might or might not be right. Christianity as organised might or might not be to blame. The underlying principles of the religion—of all religion—might or might not be trustworthy. It was not man's to explore the avenues of intelluctual trends—most of them, so far as he could see, leading to a cul-de-sac; it was man's to face the work of life, to live up to the highest he knew, to grasp Duty as he saw it.

"I cannot solve the problems of the universe," he thought. "but I can be a brother. I cannot fathom the mysteries of all this church business, but I can toil in the right spirit even where I cannot prove. After all, a man cannot expect all the lights in the Universe to suddenly switch on all for his particular benefit—so long as there's enough light to walk by—"

There was. Jean might be an agnostic, but she had a pretty face, a smile that challenged him to work with a will, a gay, light-hearted belief in humanity that caused a burning in his soul—a desire to gather in the outcasts about the Centre. Falling in love was quite a new experience. He took it in deadly earnest. There was none to instruct this lonely soul. Had he consulted the neglected Bible in his room—his sole fortune—he might have read, "He that loveth is born of God." He might then have made the discovery that men reach certainty in all the ultimate problems of life not by pondering deeply, but by loving greatly.

As it was, he called himself an atheist whilst cherishing in his heart the one gleam of God that was there—his love for the girl who had befriended him, his devotion to the man whom he had befriended.

Here were two swords, did he but know it, that could—in the hands of those who knew how to handle weapons that were not carnal—work a work of conquest in those mean streets.

It seemed, however, that before long swords of quite another kind would be needed.

Jock first, then Jean, brought news of impending disaster.

Since the day of his acquittal the dour Scot had been quite a new man. His devotion to Donald was almost dog-like. "You did me a good turn—I'm no' forgetting it—that's what I call friendship—it's acts like yon that give a man faith in his fellow men. Not that I've given up all my opinions—I ain't—. In the coming revolution

it'll give me no end of pleasure hitting yon Fairnbairn chap over the head with a bottle."

"You Red men," chaffed Donald, not liking this phase of the man's character. "It's a pity that you can't see that society to exist must base itself on the family spirit."

"Family spirit?" He expectorated scornfully. "Do you ken what yon fellow is going to do now? He's making plans to get this show closed up."

Donald opened his eyes at this. "You were going to do that for us a few weeks ago." He laughed. "He may talk a lot, but I've an idea that his step-daughter is more than a match for him."

"There's something in the wind I don't like," declared Jock, ignoring his reference to Jean. "Chaps who work in his Yard were telling me—he's preaching this tripe about the working-classes being content to pick up the crumbs from the table—and it's going down, that's more. He's making the fellows feel that this place is a disgrace to the neighbourhood, the leisured high-brow patronising the working-classes. He's too clever to show his feelings out and out or to tell the fellows straight to bust up the whole show. But he knows his men—hit the pride of Glasgow boys and you hit them."

Donald was troubled. He had expected an attempt on the part of Robert Fairbairn to limit their usefulness, but not a subtle attack of this nature. He decided to warn Jean at the earliest possible moment.

She, however, was imformed. "Father is an interesting personality. He is at the moment shirking the attack direct. It's typical of him that he's never mentioned our sitting together in court and your plea for Jock being successful. I know he's furious. And already I've received anonymous letters from men living about the Yard warning me to close down. It's clear that father is exerting an influence against us."

"What a hypocrite the man must be."

Jean shook her head decidedly. "There's no hypocrisy about him—he's not an actor—he's merely a misguided servant of the Lord. He feels that the mantle of Elijah has descended upon him—it's a pity that it spread itself over his head and covered his eyes, instead of resting on his shoulders. I have the feeling that this is the trouble with many of our modern prophets—they use the mantle for playing Blind Man's Buff—"

Donald laughed heartily. The epigrams of Jean were always so pointed with humour—her character came out here too. "It's hard enough that a man who is a shining light should set himself against those who are striving to do something worth while. I've no patience with chaps like that."

Jean looked thoughtful. "I feel we ought to try and exercise all the patience we can. After all—John the Apostle of Love wanted fire to come from heaven to comsume men—and requested Christ to approve his action of condemning the man who cast out devils because he belonged to another sect. Most of us are Sons of Thunder until we learn the way of love."

"Ah! The way of love!" Donald sighed. He used the expression in quite another significance from that of the girl. What was the use of thinking of the way of love—in the sense he was using it—when you hadn't a penny to your name and the girl you loved was so out of reach. Money, the great divider again.

"What will you do?" he asked Jean.

She shrugged. "There's only one thing to do—stand our ground and hope for the best."

"Look here, Jean. Do you think these people are worth bothering about—these cups of tea, lectures, all this sort of thing. Are we getting anywhere?"

Jean looked surprised. "I should just think we are. Look at Jock Campbell—you've made a new man of him—it's in establishing contacts like that that we justify our existence here—"

It was singular that Jock at that moment should break in on them now. They were in Donald's office whence he had first invited the girl on her visiting the Centre that afternoon.

"Well, Jock, what is it?"

"Just what I was afraid of, miss. The gang's gathered at the corner. There's talk of smashing the place up. Your father's talk has got home. His boys are no' doing it themselves—they've got hold of the chaps that bashed me—"

Jean's eyes flashed. "I'd like to see anybody trying to smash us up. I'll—"

Her sentence, however, was left uncomplete. Amid a crashing of splintered glass and wild shouts, a brick at that moment came hurtling through the window.

Donald rushed forward in alarm. "Jean—are you hurt?"

(To Be Continued.)

The Finding of Lost Mine

(Continued from Page 3.)

serted without one thing molested or out of place.

We were not annoyed again after that evening. Uncle Jed insisted that this was because our disturbers understood that the money was safe in the city bank and could be got at only by means of the lawsuit which was now pending; but I had a sneaking notion that the ghost story and mother's second-best table cloth had something to do with it.

Whatever the reason, we were glad enough to be relieved of the need of constant vigilance, I, because Pete's lame foot left a lot of extra work for me; and Uncle Jed, because it gave him time to coach us up in what he believed to be proper courtroom etiquette.

In all his long and blameless life, the good old man had found no occasion to appear before the bar of justice; but he had somehow acquired a fear and respect for legal proceedings which embraced all its officers.

This feeling concentrated itself about the person of the judge, who, to Uncle Jed's simple mind, represented an authority and dignity not exceeded by that of the Czar.

"Pshaw!" He's just a lawyer," sniffed Pete, wearied by continued admonitions as to forms and manners.

Uncle Jed groaned. "There you go, talking fresh. First you know, you'll get to acting up in courtroom, you and Rollie, and then you'll find out what a judge is. 'Fifty dollars for contempt of court," he'll say, and maybe give you six months besides. I wish we could get through this case without the risk of taking these boys!" and Uncle Jed groaned again to think how lightly we were impressed with the dignity of the law, in spite of all his warnings.

"Oh! I'm sure they'll behave," comforted mother, sorry for the old man's anxiety.

"Behave! I suppose they will behave," he fretted, "but mere behaving isn't enough. They ought to show all over them a lowly-minded respect for their surroundings; and nowadays, boys simply haven't got that feeling in them."

"I guess if we act as well as we did at the academy it ought to do," fired Pete, "Professor Tibbs was satisfied, and he's as good as any judge." And Uncle Jed had to be satisfied with that hope.

In spite of the indifference we pretended to feel, both Pete and I were at heart deathly afraid of the ordeal which lay before us; and the possibility of the fifty-dollar fine threatened by Uncle Jed, lay like a blight across our future, when we started for the city on the all-important day.

(To Be Continued.)

Taking No Chances

Lady: "You would stand more chance of getting work if you would wash and shave and make yourself presentable."

Tramp: "Yes, lady. I found that out years ago."

Northern Messenger

WEEKLY

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

Continuing the Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions founded by John Dougall, (1855-7). Revived, 1864 as Canadian Messenger, Present title adopted, 1876

Printed and published by

JOHN DOUGALL & SON

(Frederick Eugene Dougall, surviving member of the firm)

at 360 Craig St. W., Montreal, Canada.

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Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

JANUARY 19, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Thy word hath quickened me.—Ps. 119:50.
Mon. : Being born again.—1 Peter 1:23.
Tue. : Walk in love as Christ also hath loved us.—Eph. 5:2.
Wed. : Let your conversation be without covetousness.—Heb. 13:5.
Thu. : Christ liveth in me.—Galatians 2: 20.
Fri. : God shall supply your need.—Phil. 4:19.
Sat. : I will bless the Lord at all times. Ps. 34:1.

Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.—Emerson.

No nation could preserve its freedom in the midst of continual warfare.—James Madison.

War will never yield but to the principles of universal justice and love, and these have no sure root but in the religion of Jesus Christ.—W. E. Channing.

People are always expecting to get peace in Heaven, but you know whatever peace they get there will be ready made. Whatever of making peace they can be blest for must be on the earth here.—Ruskin.

Triumph

IF you were to spend a month feeding on the precious promises of God, you would not be going about with your heads hanging down like bulrushes complaining how poor you are. You would lift up your heads with confidence and proclaim the riches of His grace because you could not help it. —D. L. Moody.

In this age of divided or conflicting loyalties it is all important that we should realize the possibility of that supreme loyalty which controls all the rest.

Only by establishing in our thoughts and desires one dominant purpose can we harmonize our lives or harness our powers to achieve the best final result. —L. F. Church.

Our effectiveness for God in the accomplishment of His purposes, consists in the rightness of our relationship with Him through our Lord Jesus Christ, and not in apparent enthusiasm, earnestness or results.

His Name

"He did not come to judge the world,
He did not come to blame;
He did not only come to seek—it was to save He came:
And when we call Him Saviour, then we call Him by His Name."

—Dora Greenwell.

"If We Only Had—"

A story of the last war, which ought to be true, points the way for us. On the day that the Armistice was signed a German and an English soldier found themselves side by side in a trench.

"Well," said the Englishman, "you have been fighting for Fatherland, and I have been fighting for Motherland. Now let us fight together for Brotherland."—E. M. W.

Can we be unsafe where God has placed us and where He watches over us as a parent a child that he loves?—Fenelon.

God is the only sure foundation on which our souls can rest.—Irenaeus.

What is Disillusionment?

I DON'T know Ramsay very intimately. We meet on a town committee sometimes, and generally we walk homewards together afterwards, as our homes are near each other.

We did so the other day, and on the way he asked: "How are things with you nowadays? Is the war sending the people back to church?"

"I'm afraid not," I replied, and added, "Have you gone back?"—asking that because I had heard from someone that Ramsay had once been an earnest church worker, but had ended all his church connections years ago.

"No," he said, "and I don't think I ever will go back. I'm a disillusioned man, you see."

"And what do you mean by that?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, "in my young and ardent days I believed that Jesus spoke the truth when He said that He would draw all men unto Him, but experience has proved to me that He over-estimated Himself. He certainly isn't drawing all men to Him today, is He? And, well, as I said, I'm disillusioned, and so will never go back."

As he was speaking I saw something that inspired my answer to him, and, apparently giving a violent turn to the conversation, I said,

"Oh, by the way, do you believe in gravitation?"

"Of course," he replied.

"And what is it?" I asked.

"So far as I remember what I learned at school," he answered, "you can define it as an invisible force that attracts all matter to the earth's centre."

Then, pointing to what I had seen, I said, "You see those three balls over that pawnshop door? How does gravitation affect them? You say it draws all matter to the earth's centre; and yet, to my knowledge, those balls are no nearer to it than they were four years ago."

"Of course they aren't," said Ramsay, "because they're fastened to those rods and attached to that gallows-arm."

"And therefore you're disillusioned about gravitation," I said, "and think the claims made for it are over-stated. You must be, if you're consistent; but, surely, you see that, just as those rods prevent those balls being drawn to meet the earth, men are kept from being drawn to Jesus, not because of any failure in His attraction, but because they are bound fast by their selfish ambitions and lusts. It is their wills that keep them from answering to His drawing, and it is men like you, who give up trying to persuade them to a better will, who are causing Him to fail. Am I right?"

"I'm afraid you are," he said, sadly; and then I said no more on the matter, being content with sowing what I believe was good seed.—Methodist Recorder.

Young People's Bible Reading

He Shall Speak Peace

For Sunday
JAN. 28, 1940.
Matthew 21: 1-16.

by BEREAN

OUR LORD and his disciples with a multitude going up to Jerusalem for the Passover evidently crossed the Jordan at the fords near Jericho and entered that "City of the Palm Trees." Here Luke tells us that the little tax gatherer Zacchaeus, wanting to see Him Who was so kind to "publicans and sinners" ran before and climbed into a broad-spreading sycamore tree. Jesus called him and told him that He would stay the day at his house. (Read the whole charming story in St. Luke 20.)

Either as He entered or as He left Jericho, our Lord healed two blind men. He may have stayed at the house of Zacchaeus all night. We may imagine the delight with which the tax gatherer would have entertained the Lord and His friends.

Then the next morning (the Friday, a week before the Passover) they, still part of a great multitude, would start on the road from Jericho to Jerusalem.

For about 15 miles it is a steep uphill climb. It is a mountain road where many travellers, even in modern days have been way-laid and robbed but the robbers would keep in hiding when the crowds of pilgrims were going up, or would content themselves with mixing with the people on chance of stealing something without violence.

The pilgrims would arrive in Bethany on the slope of the Mount of Olives early in the afternoon. Most of them probably pushed on to Jerusalem. Many would camp on the mountain side. Jesus and His twelve disciples stayed with His friends Lazarus, Mary and Martha in Bethany (John 12:1-11) remaining there over the Sabbath (Friday afternoon till Sunday morning).

"PALM SUNDAY"

Read the Palm Sunday story as it is given in Matt. 21:1-11; Mark 11:1-11; Luke 19:29-40; John 12:12-19.

"When after resting over the Sabbath in Bethany, He came forth on the Sunday morning to proceed to the city, He found the streets of the village and the neighboring roads thronged with a vast crowd, consisting partly of those who had accompanied Him on the Friday, partly of other companies who had come up behind Him from Jericho and heard of the miracles as they came along, and partly of those who, having heard that He was at hand, had flocked out of Jerusalem to see Him, and began to shout, 'Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!'

All glory, laud and honor
To Thee Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring
Thou art the King of Israel
Thou David's Royal Son
Who in the Lord's Name comest
The King and Blessed One.

* * *

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

* * *

Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

—Theodulph of Orleans (9th Century)
Trans. by Rev. J. M. Neale.

"It was a Messianic demonstration such as He had formerly avoided. . . . The hour had come when no considerations could permit Him any longer to conceal from the nation the character in which He presented Himself and the claim He made on its faith. But in yielding to the desires of the multitude that He should assume the style of a king, He made it unmistakable in what sense He accepted the honor. He sent for an ass-colt, and, His disciples having spread their garments on it, rode at the head of the crowd. Not armed to the teeth and bestriding a war-horse did He come, but as the King of simplicity and peace." (Stalker.)

Remember that Saturday's reading (Psalm 2) is an O.T. conception of the Messiah and should be spiritually interpreted by Christians.

Bethpage (House of Young Figs) is referred to in Jewish writings as a district on the slope of Olivet, one of the little villages may have specially borne the name.

The owners of the ass and colt were evidently friends of Jesus. Our Lord had many disciples in Jerusalem.

Everyone in the multitude was familiar with the Hebrew Scriptures. Many must have recognized the fulfilment of the words of the prophets. (Isa. 62:11; Zech. 9:9) Zechariah's words and most likely Isaiah's were accepted by Jews as Messianic prophecies. Though John (12:16) says that the disciples did not at first fully understand them.

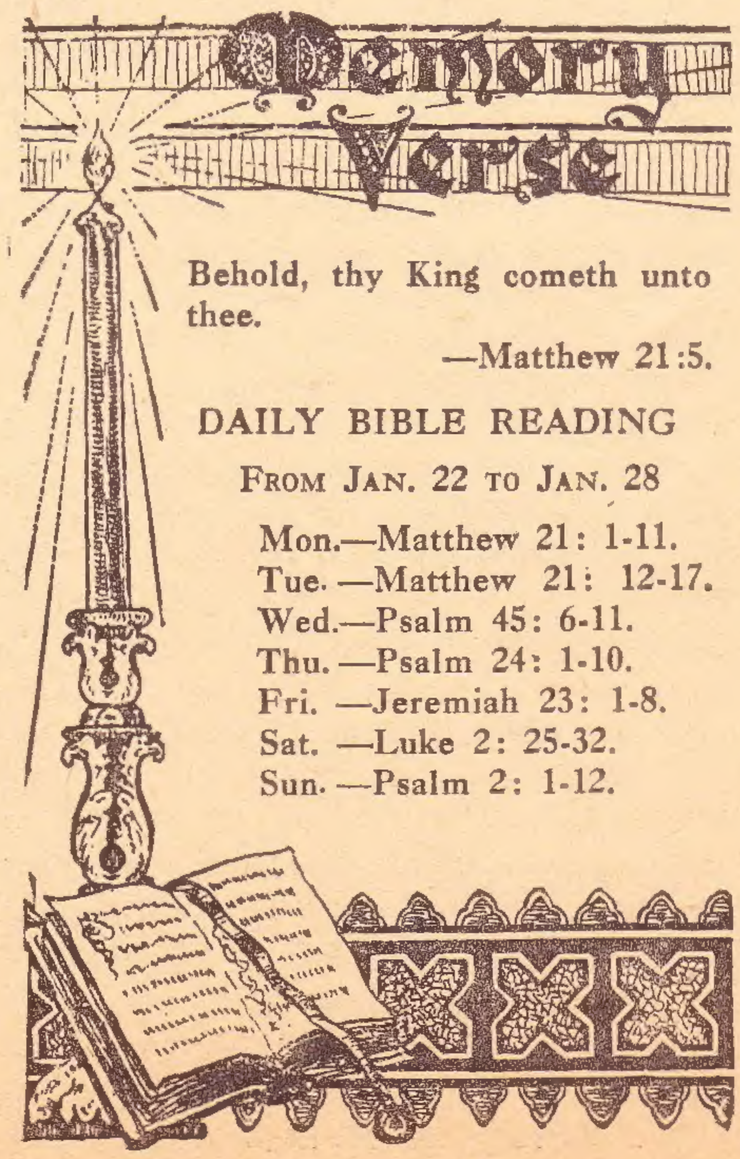
THE MESSIAH

"JESUS felt it necessary by some overt act to draw the attention of his countrymen to what he stood for and all it (His mission) meant. Now was the time to assert His Messiahship openly, and in such a manner as to constitute a challenge to all lesser ideals of the nature and function of God's representative on earth. He would bring things to an issue; he would pit pure spiritual force against the resources of material might, cunning, hypocrisy, fanaticism, unscrupulous self-interest, envy and hate, — in a word, all that was represented by the spirit of the world in opposition to the revealed will of God." (R. J. Campbell)

It is not irreverent to think of our Lord's whole life as a "great adventure." Here is the point in which the adventure reaches its most thrilling climax.

"The daring of this action, in view of the pronounced enmity of the Jerusalem authorities, is very remarkable. Jesus must have known that it would hasten his death. . . . The popular enthusiasm is irrepressible. What Jesus forbade after feeding the multitude with the loaves and fishes (John 6:15) he now permits, because now there is no danger of a popular insurrection; the forces arrayed against him are too

(Please Turn to Page 8.)



WARTIME RESTRICTIONS

DR. GEORGE LITTLE states that E. J. Taylor, president of the Canadian Brewing Co. Ltd., informed the company's stockholders in a letter accompanying the current dividend cheques that "your company is recommending that present prices be maintained because current indications suggest that the volume of sales will increase sufficiently to absorb the additional taxes and provide for improved profits."

Addressing a W.C.T.U. convention, Dr. Little said, "We urge a campaign of war time restrictions. This was expected by drinkers who have stocked up until some stores are completely empty, and we must not disappoint them.

"Dr. Courtenay Weekes stated that 'One of the most remarkable features of the Great War period was the world-wide recognition of the menace of alcoholic beverages and especially in industrial efficiency. Russia, Germany, France, Italy, Great Britain and Canada all restricted the sale of alcohol.' "

BRITAIN'S EXPERIENCE

In Great Britain from almost every point of view, it was seen that alcohol was hindering the efficient prosecution of war. Naval and military authorities. (both medical and disciplinary), the leaders of industrial and economic life, officers in the transport and munitions departments, in factories and shipyards, all realized that the precautionary measures which had been taken under the defence of the realm act, at the outbreak of war, were insufficient.

So Little—

IT takes so little to make us sad;
Just a slighting word or a doubting sneer,
Just a scornful smile on some lips held dear;
And our footsteps lag, though the goal seemed near,
And we lose the courage and hope we had—
So little it takes to make us sad.

So little it takes to make us glad;
Just a cheering clasp of a friendly hand.
Just a word from one who can understand;
And we finish the task that we long had planned,
And we lose the doubt and the fear we had—
So little it takes to make us glad.

—The War Cry.

HE SHALL SPEAK PEACE

(Continued from Page 7.)

strong for that. Therefore at the very last he permits himself to be hailed as king, and the joy of the Galilean pilgrims is exuberant." (Adeney on St. Luke)

Remember that our Lord was "very Man.'" Here we have this Man coming to claim the allegiance of His people with no weapon but the invincible love of God as shown in His words and deeds of love. "He shall speak peace to the nations." (Zech. 10:10 R.V.)

The enthusiasm of the disciples and of the multitude was spontaneous. The colt naturally had no trappings so the disciples flung their cloaks on its back as a saddle for their Leader. Oriental garments are often brightly colored.

"No act could be more perfectly in keeping with the conception of a king of Israel and no words could express more plainly that the king proclaimed himself the Messiah." (Geikie)

The most part of the multitude spread their garments in the way.—They would spread their cloaks as a carpet for Him to pass over; then would gather them up and follow. "Others 'kept cutting' branches from the trees and spread them as they continued passing along." (Box)

"The road from Bethany to Jerusalem, winding as it did by cultivated fields and gardens, or plantations of olives, palms, and various fruit trees, would readily provide material which they could cut for the purpose in view." (Salmond on St. Mark)

Travellers in the East have seen honored leaders welcomed by waving branches and leaves strewn in their path and by cloaks laid as a carpet before them.

"The acclamation 'Hosanna' . . means 'Save now,' 'O Save'. Like 'Amen' and 'Hallelujah' it has preserved its Hebrew form, and in its original use (in Hebrew) was a cry addressed to God." (Box) See Psalm 118:25)

It had become a sort of religious and patriotic "Hurrah!"

Blessed is he that cometh.— (Psa. 118:26) This verse was used as a greeting to pilgrims as they went up to the Temple. As addressed to the Messiah it took on a deeper meaning.

Note the force and ring of vv. 10 and 11. The people of Jerusalem and the pilgrims from afar ask "Who is this?" The Galileans answer back with the proud and joyous shout, "This is the prophet, Jesus, from Nazareth of Galilee." '(R.V.)

"CHILDREN IN THE TEMPLE"

"FOR the time at least, that huge crowd of people in Jerusalem believed that Jesus was the promised Messiah. It was a great day for Jerusalem. For the moment it almost seemed as if they would recognize their King, and yield themselves to the beautiful life of unselfish devotion to which He called them. . . I think it is a very sad thing to look at that multitude so enthusiastic on Sunday, and to see them all the rest of the week rejecting the Lord. And a very sad thing, too, to think of a Sunday School class . . . learning about Jesus now, interested in the story, and some of them in their later days going away from Him altogether. I don't like to discourage you, but I want to warn you. . . Pray to Him that it may not be so with you." (Paterson Smyth)

Matthew and Luke seem to place the "cleansing of the temple" on "Palm Sunday" afternoon. Mark places it the following morning. Such little differences do not worry anyone.

Mark completes his story of the triumphal entry with the arrival at temple.

"And he entered into Jerusalem, into the temple, and when he had looked round about upon all things, it being now eventide, he went out unto Bethany with the twelve." (11:11)

But there is one little incident of which Matthew tells that apparently took place just here. There were children in the temple who cried "Hosanna to the son of Davdi." "Children were taught at an early age to take part in the services of the Temple. (Psa. 8:2) The children utter a truth which the chief priests and scribes had persistently rejected." (Marshall)

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Children belong to God.

The word "children" here means boys under 14. It has been suggested that these boys were members of the great Temple choir and were practising for the Passover services. When Jesus entered the Temple, they—boy-like—broke away from their choir practice and joined the crowd in their "Hosannas."

I was with a party of small boys last May when the king and queen passed and remember how they cheered. The The greeting which our Lord received in the Temple must have been something like that.

"I think He was always glad of children's love especially. He was so fond of children. I wonder if some of you will give Him pleasure by loving and being faithful, when many older people are neglecting and disappointing Him." (Paterson Smyth)

QUESTIONS

1. **Where was Bethphage?**
2. **On what errand did our Lord send two of His disciples?**
3. **What were they to say to the owners of the ass and colt?**
4. **What had the prophets said many years before?**
5. **What two prophets is the quotation taken from?**
6. **What claim did Jesus make by His action?**
7. **Did He use force in supporting His claim?**

(For Answers please turn to Page 12.)

A CALL TO SERVICE
on the Economic Front

"Materials and money count for so much in this war that a resolute, loyal and enthusiastic economic front line may be the determining factor."

MINISTER OF FINANCE.

To your restless question "When can I help win this war?" — the answer is NOW. The Government of the Dominion of Canada has announced the First War Loan. The purpose of this Loan is to provide money to carry on the war, not only on the battlefields, but all along the Economic Front.

Let us explain what the Economic Front means. It means a war in which the entire natural, industrial and financial resources of the country are used to defeat the enemy. It means a "total war" in which every citizen takes a part, in which his personal resources must support those of the Nation.

In such a war, one of the chief weapons is money. Where is this money to come from? There is only one answer. It must come — and come voluntarily — from the savings of our people. The difference between us and the Germans is that we, of our own free will, *lend* our money — it is not ruthlessly taken away.

This is your opportunity to do your part in this struggle against Hitlerism. The eyes of the world are upon you, upon Canada, one of the strongest members of the British Commonwealth. Canadians must show that their strength, their courage and their resources are all in this fight against "brute force, bad faith, injustice, aggression and persecution."

The news of the success of this Loan must go ringing round the world.

Buy War Loan Bonds. They have the proven safety and salability of Dominion of Canada obligations. Any Investment Dealer or Chartered Bank will take your subscription. The quicker the economic war is won, the greater will be the saving of human lives . . . the swifter the collapse of the enemy.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA

CANADA'S FIRST

Buy War Loan Bonds

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

DEAR CHUMS,

"Things are looking up" this week. The Mail Bag has not been over-loaded but a lot more letters have come in and I hope you will keep right on writing because that's the only way to keep things rolling. Eleanor Turner's letter is very interesting and so are Margaret Stevenson's letters to her two friends. We always are so glad to hear from new chums as well as old, and we hope Margaret Weldin will write often and get her friends to write also. In fact, why don't you all get your friends to write? And make the Chums Mail Bag a great friendly circle where everyone can have a part and join in the fun.

Your Loving Aunt Ruth.

* * *

To Elizabeth McKell from Margaret Stevenson

Dear Elizabeth McKell:—How are you. I was twelve years old on Aug. 25th. I go to a rural schood two and a half miles away, there are eight grades, I am in grade seven, and if I pass my entrance exams I get a dollar. Our teachers name is Miss Fleming, there are 35 puplis in school, in my class. I have one brother. He is seventeen and his name is Charlie. I am a dark brunette with dark brown eyes. I like reading very much and wasn't "Lily's Log Book" good? I wish it would have gone on for ever and ever.

I weigh 105 lbs. and weighed 111 lbs. before I had scarlet fever. (Am all better now.) I am 5 ft. 2 in. tall.

Hoping to hear from you soon. Cheerio old pal.—Margaret Stevenson, Ont.

———: (O) :———

To Lois Barnett from Margaret Stevenson

Dear Lois Barnett:—It has been a long time since I heard from you or have written. We must keep up our correspondence, mustn't we?

How old are you? I am twelve. Can you skate? I am learning to. It is safest to take a pillow the first time isn't it? Who are your favourite authors? Mine are L. T. Montgomery, Elinor Porter and Gene Stratton Porter. What do you want to be when you grow up? I want to be a clerk.

Are you going to high school? I don't know if I am or not. What did you get for Xmas? I got skates. Do you ever go tobogganing?

It sure is like a lion today storming like everything. Well must close now I guess. Bye-bye.—Margaret Elizabeth Stevenson, Ont.

———: (O) :———

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I have been reading the Northern Messenger for quite some time but did not get around to write to the chums page. I am twelve years old and my birthday is the seventh of August. I am the oldest in a family of three. I have two brothers younger than myself. The oldest boy is ten years old and my other brother is three years old. I go to school and I am in grade seven. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I also belong to the Canadian Girls in Training.

I like to read and I also collect stamps The author I like best is L. M. Montgomery.

Well I had better close so there will be room for the other chums. Your new chum.—Margaret Weldin, N. S.

———: (O) :———

Dear Aunt Ruth and Pen Friends,—Well one year has rolled by and another has come bright and shiny with no cares or anything wrong with it. Well I certainly hope to make 1940 a much better year than any other year.

I made nine resolutions and hope to keep them all, but my mother says maybe I will for a week or maybe two but I'll show her I can keep them longer than that.

I had a perfectly splendid Christmas and New Year. I got many lovely gifts and among them a dresser set which I treasure. My mother and father gave it to me. I got quite a few cards, too, for Christmas.

New Years Eve my mother and father and two brothers and company all sat around the living room waiting to say good-bye to 1939. I was a bit sorry to see it leave and I thought of all the times I might have done good when I hadn't.

I won a prize in the Winnipeg Free Press for the best Christmas story. I got a lovely book. I have a letter from England and I am going to answer it as soon as I can.

Hoping a pen pal will write to me. An old chum, aged 11.—Eleanor Turner, Sask.

P.S. Wishing you all a happy New Year (although I am late).

Ans. Thank you Eleanor, the same to you.—A. R.

———: (O) :———

A small boy was asked to describe what he had been taught about the human body. So he wrote out the following:

"The human body is divided into three parts, the branium, the borax, and the abominable cavity.

"The branium contains the brain, if any.

"The borax is in the upper part of the body and contains the lungs, liver, lights and heart.

"The abominable cavity is situated in the lower part of the body and contains the bowels of which there are five, a, e, i, o and u."

"The pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee;
A clover, any time, to him
Is aristocracy."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

This Week's Star Correspondent:

ELEANOR TURNER

Hon. Mention:

M. STEVENSON

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

IT'S BEDTIME THEN

A good clock never hurries,
A good clock's never slow;
And so when ours says "Bedtime,"
It's bedtime then, I know.

I can't ask our clock to wait—
Good clocks don't wait, you see—
So when our clock says "Bedtime,"
It's bedtime then for me.

—Lucretia Penny.

Hockey Thrills!

"THE PLAYER FROM ELMDALE"

by Gordon Phillip England

STARTS VERY SOON

Tell your Friends about it.

Lonnie and His Dog Team

By ADNA BYRD

For the Messenger.

LONNIE SCHULTZ was going to try out his dog team. In his spare time he had trained his three dogs with loving care and patience. He had made the harness by hand, and it was well done. Lonnie was proud of his fine dogs. They obeyed his commands willingly.

The dogs were intelligent creatures. Lindy and Tunny were fine police dogs. And they didn't seem to mind the harness, although their position wasn't very dignified for dogs of their breed. Tunny took his place by the sled, with Lindy next. Teddy who had the lead was smaller.

"Ki-yi!" yelled Lonnie, taking hold of the sled which he had rigged up in Alaskan fashion. "Get along." Off they went at a dead run, Lonnie riding part of the time in order to keep up. The sky was blue overhead; the snow underfoot was cold white powder easily fanned up; the air was crisp with cold. Lonnie breathed deep and grinned happily.

The familiar yells of boy friends drifted to Lonnie's ears, and he looked up to see two of his chums coming across the field to visit him.

"Whoa, Whoa, Teddy!" and Lonnie stopped his dog team. The other two boys, plodding along on snowshoes, hurried toward him.

"Hello, fellows!" he shouted. "Come on. I'm going to the highway to give the dogs a run."

"Have you got 'em so they'll go?" asked Albert, tugging at the strap of his snowshoes.

"Pretty well," replied Lonnie. They'd very soon find out how well!

"Ki-yi! Get along!" They were off. It was great sport! The boys whooped and yelled. They ran alongside or rode in turn. The dogs, entering into the spirit of the play, ran barking as they went. The boys soon reached the highway. And as they played, they noticed the entire absence of cars.

"There is a detour sign up; the pass is snowed full," said Ralph.

"It'll take a crew to clear it, Dad said," Albert contributed. "Give some men work, he said. Dad is always talking about making work for somebody. He's worried that people are going to starve!"

"Starve!" laughed Lonnie. "Dad says there are millions of bushels of wheat left over—lots more than people eat!"

"But how are the people going to buy it if they haven't any money! I don't—oh, look, here comes a man!"

* * *

PLODDING along the highway came an old man. The boys watched. The old man drew nearer. Was he a tramp? His coat was old and worn, his overalls were patched all over. Who would mend a tramp's clothes so thoroughly?

The old man reached the place where they were resting upon their sled.

"Hello!" he said a bit sadly.

"Hello!" replied the boys respectfully. Somehow the manner of the old man commanded their respect.

"Could you boys tell an old man if this is the road to Burnside?"

LONNIE WAS AT LEISURE TO THINK

"Yes," spoke up Lonnie. "It is the right road all right; but you can't get through."

"—The pass is filled with snow," put in Ralph.

The old man laughed. "Guess a man can get on afoot. I go a lot of places where the autos can't."

"I don't think you can get through at all," insisted Ralph.

"I heard tell," the old man went on to inform them, "that there's work opening up in Burnside. Well, thank you, boys."

He passed on, bent forward, plodding.

"There is no work in Burnside," declared Albert.

The boys didn't enjoy the next hour. Something had spoiled their fun.

"Lonnie, you should have brought him for a bite and a cup of hot soup," reproved his mother when she heard about the old gentleman.

"Dad forbade my bringing in tramps,"

"Oh, I know, son; but you can tell a tramp, surely."

"I don't know, maybe," he said.

"Perhaps this was a poor old man out of work, perhaps half starved. Oh, dear, what's the world coming to?"

The boys ate heartily. Lonnie's father had not yet arrived from town, where he had gone to do some weekly marketing.

In the early afternoon Lonnie's friends returned to their homes. And Lonnie was at leisure to think.

"The old man was so old and—wasn't dressed very well. I ought to have brought him in. I wonder if he did make the pass," so ran Lonnie's thoughts. He was uneasy.

* * *

HE carried in his wood and did what other chores he could. He came in to read, but it just seemed he couldn't settle himself to it.

"I'll do it," he said tossing his book down. And his face brightened. Already he felt better.

"Do what?" asked his mother. Lonnie realized he'd been talking to himself out loud, and he colored.

"Oh, go out to the highway with the dogs." It would not do to let Mother know what he intended to do; but he might give out a hint.

"Maybe I'll see that old man coming back, and I'll bring him in for something to eat."

Lonnie got out his school thermos bottle and filled it from the hot soup waiting on the back of the stove for the return of his father.

In a few minutes he was on his way. The dogs travelled swiftly. The sun's rays were a long slant. It was getting cold. When Lonnie reached the pass, he sheltered the dogs behind a bank and, putting on his snowshoes, went on. He could plainly see the trail where the old man had floundered along. Lonnie followed it. Darkness was creeping into the pass. Lonnie was afraid. And it was growing bitterly cold. Why not turn back? a small voice asked. But Lonnie would not. Perhaps the old man hadn't made it, and had frozen to death. Lonnie shuddered, as his active imagination pictured the old man stiff and cold. But new hope surged up within him and he went doggedly on.

Suddenly he came upon a figure huddled in the snow. It was the old man, and he seemed asleep. Lonnie shouted to him. No response. He shook him. The man groaned. Then Lonnie thought of the hot drink. Lifting the old man's head, Lonnie forced a swallow between his lips. Another swallow or two, and the old man was greedily drinking. The pint of warm fluid warmed him and revived him.

"Get up!" shouted the lad, tugging at his arm. "Please, mister!" The bent old figure stumbled to his feet. Lonnie led the stumbling, swaying, mumbling old man to his dog sled. He got him on to it, glad that it was a large sled. They started homeward, but it was hard going and dark. It was difficult to keep the half-conscious man on the sled. Lonnie was half frozen and very

(Please Turn to Page 12.)

WHO SHOWED THEM

Who showed the little ant the way
Her narrow hole to bore,
And spend the pleasant summer day
Laying up her store?

The sparrow builds her clever nest
Of wool and hay and moss.
Who told her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers,
And lay his feast of honey by,
To eat in winter hours?

'Twas God who showed them all the way,
And gave their little skill,
And teaches children, if they pray,
To do His Holy will.

—*Selected.*

LONNIE'S DOG TEAM

(Continued from Page 11.)

tired. It seemed an endless road he was travelling.

A light appeared. Lonnie yelled at the top of his lungs. The dogs began yelping with joy and tugged at the traces.

"Dad's coming, Teddy. You won't have to pull much longer, Lindy. Behave, there, Tunny!"

* * *

MR. SCHULTZ was out in his truck hunting for Lonnie. He came alongside. "What's the meaning of this, son?" he began, then, as he saw the man, "Who've you got there?"

"Don't know, Dad. Just an old man freezing to death."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Schultz, and he leaped down to pick up the old man as if he were a baby.

They brought the frost-bitten old man home. Hot drinks and first aid revived him. His story was full of sadness. He'd lost his job early in the fall. He and mother, as he called his wife, couldn't make a living from her flock of chickens. It had been well enough for them while he had the odd job of cleaning the warehouse, for he had secured the "leavings," which furnished feed for the chickens.

Winter set in. Too proud to ask for charity, he had set out afoot in search of work. Mother had wept when he had left. She would be glad to know he was safe.

She mustn't learn that he had fallen in the snow. He couldn't ever thank the young man enough. Lonnie fairly felt himself grow in stature. It usually makes a ten-year-old boy feel big to be referred to as a young man. But, pshaw, that was nothing to be thankful for! Just what he ought to have done. He never would have forgiven himself if he hadn't. Lonnie became embarrassed at the old man's profuse thanks.

"Said you were looking for work?" interrupted Lonnie's father.

"Yes," answered the old man. "I heard tell there was work to be had in Burnside."

"Well, I reckon the commissioners will order that pass opened. The stages have to come through there. They can't make the detour when it begins to thaw. I can get you work there. In the meantime I can give you a few days' work. I have some odd jobs that need attention. I shall be glad to have you do them. You came along just at the right time."

Hope and encouragement lifted the old man's head. Like a flower awakening under the sun's warm rays, he straightened. And Lonnie gazing upon him thought, "Why, he doesn't appear to be such an old man after all."

WHAT ARE THE STARS?

(Continued from Page 1.)

Saros for his prediction.

The accuracy of such predictions naturally led people who had faith in omens of all kinds to a belief in Astrology. The sun, moon and Venus were worshipped by the Babylonians. The Hebrew prophets denounced the worship of "the host of heaven" which was introduced by Manasseh (II Kings 21:5), and accompanied by horrible sacrificial rites.

Another Astronomical custom which dates from a time earlier than any authentic records is the division of the sky into constellations. These are of very irregular shape and are named after fanciful resemblance to animals or heroes of Greek mythology. Among them we may give as examples, the Lion, the Great Bear, Perseus, Andromeda, Cassiopeia, Orion. English-speaking peoples generally use Latin names, but they are translated by the French and Germans. In his maps of the stars published by Bayer in 1603, beautiful drawings are given of which the illustration on Page One is a specimen.

These constellations are still used by Astronomers with definite but irregular boundaries, and the stars are designated in order of brightness by Greek letters.

(Copyright: N.F.L.)

Next Article—"Some Secrets of the Sun."

(Your Next Story is on Page 2.)

Some persons reported to the amiable poet Tasso that a malicious enemy spoke ill of him to all the world.

"Let him persevere," said Tasso "his rancour gives me no pain. How much better it is that he should speak ill of me to all the world than that all the world should speak ill of me to him?"

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. A district of the Mount of Olives.
2. Matthew 21:2.
3. "The Lord hath need of them."
4. Matthew 21:5.
5. Isaiah 62:11; Zechariah 9:9.
6. That He was the long-expected Messiah of Israel.
7. No. He strove to bring His people to their allegiance through His words and deeds of love. It had been said in the prophecy "He shall speak peace to the nations".

Northern Messenger

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Published Weekly

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Keep your WITS WORKING

MORE OLD RIDDLES

1. What is the difference between a prison warder and a watchmaker?
2. Why is an egg overdone like an egg underdone?
3. Why need they never fear a flood in France?
4. Why should "neidle" be the correct spelling for needle?
5. Why are bakers very generous?
6. When a stone is placed in water what does it become?

RHYMING RIDDLE

My 1st is in happy. It isn't in sad.
My 2nd's in jolly. It isn't in glad.
My 3rd's in candy. It isn't in sweet.
My 4th's in blanket. It isn't in sheet.
My 5th's in finger. It's also in toes.
My 6th's in eye. It isn't in nose.

All boys love my whole, and girls sometimes too. Play up! Play the game! For the winners "Hurroo!"

MORE BIBLE TREES

1. What tree did Zacheus climb?
2. What tree was Nathaniel under when Phillip called him?
3. Jeremiah says that a man who trusts in God is like a tree. Planted where?
4. The Psalmist says that a man who delights in God's law is like a tree. Planted where?
5. The righteous shall flourish like the — tree, he shall grow like a — — —. (Fill in the blanks).
6. "The leaves of the tree were". Complete the sentence.

GAMES

Knock the Block

(Good rough game for boys)

In circle, arms locked or hands held. Ball, block or chalk circle in center. All endeavour to pull each other so as to touch block. Each one who touches is "out".

Balloon Ball

Players in two teams. Line across room to represent a net. Balloon to be hit over net by hand only. Each time it touches floor side which should have hit it loses a point. Variation: Have the balloon blown instead of struck.

Polite Occupant of Baby Car: "Can I do anything to help you?"

Driver of Super-Limousine: "Well, if you have time to spare, perhaps you would drive round to the back and bring me the spare wheel."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Rhyming Riddle.—Skating.

Tangled Rivers.—1. Nile. 2. Thames. 3. Jordan. 4. Hudson. 5.Fraser. 6. Mackenzie.

Jumbled Countries.—1 Greece. 2. Guatemala. 3. Haiti. 4. Hejaz. 5. Hungary. 6. Finland.

More Old Riddles.—1. A Skye terrier. 2. When it's a a-jar. 3. Because it makes ill will. 4. The letter S. Because he becomes "Annie-mated" and she becomes "Benny-fitted". 6. Because it can't climb a tree. 7. Smiles. Because there are miles before you come to the end of it.

Thoughtful

The young doctor sat down wearily in his easy chair and turned to his wife affectionately.

"Has my darling been lonely without me?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said, "at least, not very lonely. I've found something to do with my time."

"Oh," he said, "what's that?"

"I'm organizing a class. A lot of women in the village have joined, and we're teaching one another to cook."

"What do you do with the things you cook?" asked the young doctor.

"I give them to the neighbors," she replied.

"Dear little woman," said the doctor, kissing her fondly. "Always thinking of my practice!"

Matters for Reflection

What is the difference between a chatterbox and a mirror? One speaks without reflecting and the other reflects without speaking.

Few men travel over the road of success without an occasional puncture.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Prince Edward Island, which has been under prohibition for many years, has a remarkable record in its absence of serious crime. Mr. Justice A. E. Arsenault stated at the Georgetown Assizes that there had been no criminal case for trial during the past seventeen years.

THIRD LARGEST ISLAND

THE third largest island in the world is in the possession of Canada, by the circumstance of a lake draining into two separate waterways.

Only Australia and Greenland exceed it in size, for it actually comprises a great part of the North-West territories, stretching from the Mackenzie to Hudson Bay, and from the Arctic coast to the Northern boundaries of Saskatchewan and Manitoba—roughly 740,000 square miles, or one-quarter of the Dominion.

Wollaston Lake, in north-eastern Saskatchewan, is responsible for the existence of the island.

The main drainage from the lake goes down the Cochrane and Reindeer rivers to the Churchill and eventually to Hudson Bay—while a minor discharge to the west is the head-waters of Fond-du-Lac River—and eventually reaches the Mackenzie River and Arctic Ocean.

This vast island has been the scene of many of the most important of Canadian explorations. It was the fur trade which first brought the white man to the coast of the island more than 250 years ago, and fur is still its leading export.—Christian Herald.

IN THE CAUSE OF HUMANITY

WHILE the world applauds the magnificent resistance of Finland against brutal aggressors, we are apt to forget that China has for several years been waging a similar battle for the cause of humanity. Our help is as necessary as ever in maintaining Red Cross work and missionary efforts in China.

In this battle to preserve honor and freedom in the world we must fight on all fronts. By sending Christian dollars to China you will be helping to uphold truth and morality, besides lessening the suffering of thousands of innocent Chinese civilians who turn to Christian countries for help in their need.

Canadian Christian Dollars for China

Previously acknowledged & forwarded to Official Treasurer		$459.48
Further Contributions	$126.79	
Miss E. M. Sanderson, Ont. .	.20	
T. H. McGeorge, P.Q.	2.00	
"A Friend", N.S.	2.20	131.19
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GINGERBREAD

4 cups flour or 3 1-2 cups flour and 1-2 cup oatmeal or brown flour; 1 3-4 cups corn syrup, 1-4 lb. or 1-2 cup vegetable shortening; 3 tspn. ginger; 1 1-2 tspn. baking soda. 1-2 cup water.

Mix flour and ginger. Melt shortening and syrup together. Melt the soda in the warm water and mix with shortening and and syrup. Pour this mixture into the flour and mix into a stiff batter. Bake in a flat tin at 350 degrees.

MARMALADE SUET PUDDING

2 cups flour, 2 cups bread crumbs, 1 cup finely chopped suet, 3-4 cup sugar, 1 1-4 cups milk, 2 tspns. baking powder, 4 rounded tablespoons orange marmalade.

Mix dry ingredients, rub in suet and stir in the marmalade. Mix with the milk and steam three hours.

MOLASSES SPONGE

1 cup flour, 1-4 cup finely chopped suet, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tspn. baking powder, 1 tspn. ginger, 1-3 cup milk, 1-3 cup molasses, 1 egg.

Mix the dry ingredients and rub in the suet. Warm the milk and melt the molasses in it. Beat the egg and stir into flour mixture; then add the molasses and milk, mixing it well together. Steam in a well-greased mould, filling it about two-thirds full, for one hour.

CHOCOLATE PASTRY

3-4 cup all-purpose flour, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-4 cup shortening, 3 tablespoons ice water, 2 tablespoons butter.

Sift dry ingredients together three times. Cut in shortening coarsely with two knives. Add just enough ice water to make a stiff dough. Roll out dough to one-fourth inch thickness and spread one-half with one tablespoon of butter cut in small pieces. Fold over, roll out and again spread with one tablespoon butter. Fold, chill, roll to 1-8-inch thickness and fit over the back of a deep 9-inch pie tin. Prick thoroughly with a fork, chill again and bake in a hot oven for about 15 minutes. (Bake at about 450 deg. F. first 10 minutes and then reduce heat to about 400 deg. F. for last 5 minutes.)

Many a humdrum meal can be given a festive air—an unusual centrepiece, a change of china, a surprise eating place, such as a table drawn up in front of a crackling open fire and set with a bright cover and centred with a lighted candle, make a cheery close to a busy day.

My Mother Knew the Stars

BY LUCIA MALLORY

WHY is it that so many mothers magnify little faults and grievances out of all true proportion?

What if Joan did get her new shoes muddy? The little shoes can be repolished much more quickly than the child's blithe spirit can be healed from the hurt of her mother's sharp rebuke.

What if Dick does keep his playthings scattered all over the kitchen on his mother's baking day? Doesn't she know that the little fellow likes to be with her—that he's much more contented there than if he were by himself in the playroom?

I was thinking about little Joan and Dick and their mothers when I spent an evening, not long ago, with my friend, Ellen Norris, so I put those questions to her.

More than all the other women I know, Ellen Norris keeps her life serene and steadfast. Her days are crowded with caring for an invalid husband, companioning two growing daughters, and being, to a large extent, breadwiner for the family. Many of the world's woes find their way to her desk in the office of City Welfare Director.

Ellen pondered the questions a long time before she answered me. "I think, Lucia," she said at last, "those mothers need to stop and look up at the stars. That was my mother's refuge from many of the petty vexations of life.

"We were a big family, growing up on a Kansas farm. Mother's days were filled to overflowing with cooking, cleaning, sewing, and mending, yet she often found time in the evenings to go out of doors and look up at the stars. They were her friends, steadfast and true, and she made them ours.

"I can still feel the sense of awe and vastness that came over me when I placed my little mittened hand in hers and gazed at the great figure of Orion. In March, we watched for the ruddy face of Arcturus, and knew that spring had come. We saw the two Dippers and the Northern Crown, the bent-backed chair of Cassiopea and the great sickle in the Lion.

"We learned the brightest stars by name and knew where to look for them in winter and summer. We followed the planets and learned to recognize them by their steady light.

"Something of the immense size and distance of these heavenly bodies Mother told us, for she never tired of their study, but more important than that, they became our friends.

"I know now that their calm serenity lifted my mother out of the pettiness and sordidness of everyday life. They were her 'candles on the altar of God'.

"Now that I am a woman grown, I find in them the comfort and relief from strain, that Mother felt. I hope that I can pass on to my own daughters the same life-long companionship with the stars."

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)

Opportunity

O wonderful! O wonderful!
The chance God gives to me,
To make each swiftly passing day
Speak of eternity;
To make each shining hour of gold
Fragrant with blessings manifold.

O wonderful! O wonderful!
To fathom depths of love,
And bring back pearls of countless price,
Such as in heaven above
God sets for her eternal gates,
Where many an angel stands and waits.

O wonderful! O wonderful!
To share the power divine,
And use it for the sons of men
In glowing deeds that shine
Like stars that glorify the night,
As messengers from realms of light.

—Frederick W. Neve in Southern Churchman.

TEN OLD RULES

Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend money before you have earned it.

Never buy what you don't want, merely because it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, or cold.

We seldom repent having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

Never anticipate trouble. Half the evils we fear never happen.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry count ten before you speak—if very angry, count a hundred.

—N. S. W. Presbyterian.

Northern Messenger

JANUARY 19, 1940.

CONQUERING AN ENEMY

IN a fight in the air over the Western Front a German plane was crippled by a British machine. Two of the crew jumped with parachutes and the pilot slumped forward pretending to be killed. The plane continued to fall as if there were no one in control.

As the British plane went on its way the German pilot scrambled into his gun-pit and opened fire. The British plane was forced to land, but as another came up, the German was also forced down and made a prisoner.

Officers of the Royal Air Force, impressed by the courage and address of the Nazi flyer invited him to dine at their mess. He came looking rather surprised and nervous, but as the friendly meal went on his restraint vanished.

After dinner he was called on for a speech.

"All my life," he said, "I have been trained to hate the English. The French no; the English, yes."

He went on to say that he had been told that if he were captured he would be ill-treated and tortured. Looking at the friendly faces around him, he broke down and wept. He said that his new-found British friends had certainly carried out the Apostolic injunction: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him."

Such stories coming out of the inferno of war show that the Christian training of a country brings results. They carry promise for the future. "The only way to conquer an enemy is to make him your friend."

In the British House of Commons in a debate dealing with suggested reprisals against the Germans for the indiscriminate laying of mines, Mr. Chamberlain was asked whether he would consider the advisability of putting German prisoners of war, under guard, on British ships as a deterrent to the Nazi illegal marine policy.

"CONTRARY TO THE COVENTION"

MR. CHAMBERLAIN replied: "No, sir. Such action would be contrary to the Convention governing the treatment of prisoners of war to which His Majesty's Government are a party and which they will continue to observe."

Mr. Chamberlain's answer gave great satisfaction both to Parliament and to the country. The Englishman's summing up of certain lines of conduct with, "It's not done" has its humorous side, but there is much virtue in it.

War is a terrible thing, but certain things are agreed on among the nations as outside the ways of warfare among civilized nations.

"But if one of them use cruel and illegal methods, why not pay him back in his own coin?" That is the fierce shout of the Psalmist, "O daughter of Babylon who art to be destroyed; happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us." But we have moved into a better dispensation.

As this war is in reality a war of the forces of evil against God, those who are on the side of God and His righteousness must act in His Spirit if they expect to win.

There is another practical reason why Mr. Chamberlain refused to violate the Convention even when it is violated by an enemy. If Britain did so other nations would follow suit and in war we would all "go back to the jungle." Indeed it would be a state lower than the jungle, for those who study wild life tell us that the animals follow laws of their own, whereas we would be lawless.

While we hope and pray for the end of the war and for the end of all wars, let us also hope and pray that our nation shall ever consider itself bound by the laws of honor and humanity.

This will give us something to build on when peace comes. This war was thrust on Britain. She "could do no other." In her own interest and in the interest of the world she had to resist further aggression. If, as we believe, it is a righteous war, it must be waged righteously for so only, when it is over, can we gain a just and lasting peace and build a happier international order in Europe and the world.

For All Who Serve

God—King—and Country

By JOHN OXENHAM.

(Can be sung to the tune, "Melita"—"Eternal Father, strong to save.")

LORD GOD OF HOSTS, Whose mighty hand
Dominion holds on sea and land,
In Peace and War Thy Will we see
Shaping the larger liberty.

Nations may rise and nations fall,
Thy Changeless Purpose rules them all.

When Death blasts earth and sky and sea,
Keep all our hearts firm-stayed on Thee;
Console and succor those who fall,
And help and hearten each and all!

O, hear a people's prayers for those
Who fearless face their country's foes!

For those who weak and broken lie,
In weariness and agony—
Great Healer, to their beds of pain
Come, touch, and make them whole again!

O, hear a people's prayers, and bless
Thy servants in their hour of stress!

For those to whom the call shall come
We pray Thy tender welcome home.
The toil, the bitterness, all past,
We trust them to Thy Love at last.

O, hear a people's prayers for all
Who, nobly striving, nobly fall!

To every stricken heart and home
O come! In tenderest pity come!
To anxious souls who wait in fear,
Be Thou most wonderfully near!

And hear a people's prayers, for faith
To quicken life and conquer death!

For those who minister and heal,
And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal—
Renew their hearts with Christ-like faith,
And guard them from disease and death.

And in Thine own good time, Lord, send
Thy peace on earth till Time shall end!

—*English Papers.*

PEACE AIMS

A TWELVE-year-old writer in an English paper has set forth his views on the Peace aims of Britain. Probably it would do us all good to put into words and even to write down our considered opinion of what our war aims and peace aims are, and then tally them with what we know of the spirit of Christ.

We quote the English letter:

WHAT ARE OUR PEACE AIMS?

People all over the country are asking, What are our peace aims? You hear it everywhere. Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Hore-Belisha have stated our war aims. But, as so many people say, "This is not enough."

When this war is over, what are we going to do to establish a lasting peace? It has been stated there will not be another treaty like the Treaty of Versailles, with gruelling terms. But this is not enough. We want it more clearly stated.

Already peoeple say that we will take pieces of Germany, but surely this is not true, when we profess to be a Christian country. Will we not leave them the country as long as Naziism is non-existent and the terror of that man is no longer felt? Then the Jews will be able to go back to Germany if they wish.

When peace comes we will try to keep it by squashing all attempts at world domination, whoever may try it. We do not want a second person to try to rule the world. If anybody does attempt world domination it would only bring about their downfall.

Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Austria will once more be under their own rule. And any violence on them would be met by all the force at Britain's command.

T. Mardell.

"War brings terrible temptations to bitterness and hatred. If we yield to this, even our victory would fail to secure justice and freedom."

PENMANS LIMITED
DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 31st day of January, 1940.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 1st day of February to Shareholders of record of the 22nd day of January, 1940.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share, payable on the 15th day of February to Shareholders of record of the 5th day of February, 1940.

By Order of the Board.

C. B. ROBINSON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Montreal,
December 28, 1939.

The Labrador Skipper's Yarn

"WHAT'S the closest call I ever had in the ice, you ask me, sir?"

We were sitting in the cabin of the 'Jessie May', a schooner bound North for the summer fishery on the Labrador. It was late in June, and the ice was still spotting the harbors.

"Well, sir," he said, "I thinks it were one time I was out in this same old schooner. We was away off the Funk Islands. The wind held to the nor'ard day after day. We was losing ground that fast in the running ice that there was nothing for it but to hitch her on to an iceberg.

"There was one about sixty feet or more high as we was driving by, and there were two grand pinnacles on it. So a dozen of us lands on the floe, and gets alongside as best we could. With our axes we cut steps up the side of the berg, till we get safely on the shoulder,and then we passes our bight line round one pinnacle and hauls the big hawser home and makes fast.

"Meanwhile the ice has been wheeling pretty fast with the breeze, and all of a sudden the berg got clear and was floating in open water. There was a heavy swell running and as soon as she shook free down she started to go.

"Our schooler were away to leeward the whole length of the line and there were ne'er a boat afloat. Well, sir, the berg went down that slow and that steady, we didn't notice it till we was almost down to the water, so that I had hardly time to sing out, 'Hang on the line, boys!" when the first sea broke right over us.

"Only one man had let go and luckily enough for him the sea jammed him in against a sharp ledge of ice with the hawser taut against his legs.

"She didn't stay down a minute however; indeed, she must have gone level with the surface, I suppose, and then up she starts to come again, just as she went down, that solemn and that slow, as if the whole world belonged to her.

"When we had found out where we was again, we were well up in the air and a boat was pulling towards us for all she was worth. One of the fellows somehow got frightened, and when we was a good sixty feet up again, he rushes to the edge shoutin':

"'I ain't goin' to stay on this thing no longer!'

"You mayn't believe me, but if I hadn't a' catched him by the collar, jump he would have, sure enough. No one else said nothing, 'cept Old Uncle Pete, and he just said in his slow old way, "It don't seem as if us is going to be lost this time after all, do it, Skipper?"

"He said it that droll I had to stop and laugh in spite of having to tie the small line to the hawser and let all hands swing into the boat. We was soaked through, and cold too, and there weren't no time to waste anyhow—leastways it seem' so—for the old berg were on 'er way down again ahead. As it were, howsomever, the hawser held on to the pinnacles, and us had just time to get clear before another sea broke over her. Yes, o' course she might have tipped over, many of them do, as you says, but then you see she didn't and that's all about it.

"But I mustn't keep you any longer, sir—it's getting late, and if we don't meet too many icebergs tomorrow, by nightfall we should be at the fishing grounds again for the summer."—North Wind.

FIRST ATLANTIC CABLE IN 1866

THE steamship Great Eastern laid the first successful Atlantic cable in July, 1866, following two unsuccessful attempts in 1857 and 1858 by H.M.S. Agamemnon and the U.S. frigate Niagara. Since then the science of the ocean cable has steadily improved, and in the oozy depths of the Atlantic lie many of the slender armor-plated strands of copper wire which tie the two continents together.—C. N. Telegraphs.

PASTEURIZING MILK

IF the community where the reader lives is not provided with a public supply of pasteurized milk, the householder may pasteurize his own supply, using a double boiler. The milk is heated to 145 degrees F., kept at this temperature for 30 minutes and then rapidly cooled to 40 degrees F., and so kept until used. Milk properly pasteurized and kept at low temperature will keep sweet and pure for an indefinite period.—J. W. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.

I CARE

GRENFELL LABRADOR MEDICAL MISSION
NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND

Contributions previously acknowledged and forwarded to Official Treasurer		$178.70
Further Contributions	$69.30	
"Mother"	3.00	
"J. E. D."	2.00	74.30
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Contributions previously acknowledged and forwarded to Official Treasurer	$57.40
Further Contributions	11.00
'R. R. M.", B.C.	1.00
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